

Jockey's Farewel to Jenny

O R

The Scottis loath to depart.

Stout Jockey must now to the Warrs be gon,
And leave poor Jenny for to weep and mourn.
Her strong perswasions could not move his heart,
But he must go : And so they kiss and part.

To an excellent new Tune, or General *Monk* sail'd through the Gun-Fleet.

L. P.



When first Rebellion pusht at the Croton, Such looks as these gave Adam his fall
The summons did pass through every Tent
The number'd our troops upon the down, (town
with a fa la la la le ro,
And many a gallant did prepare,
In glittering armour so brisk and rare,
'Tis better to gang than tarry before,
with a fa la la la le ro,

And Jockey he amongst the rest
To fight for the King he thought it best
He would not refuse at any request,
with a fa la &c,
And wilt thou be gone to the wars quoth she
And leave behind poor helpless me,
Alas for grief my heart will die,
with a fa la &c,

Wempt me no more for by my Saul
'Tis fit that love give honour the wall :
with a fa la &c,
Then there will a question arise
Which is the greatest number that dies,
By Jockey's sword, or Jennys eyes,
with a fa la &c,

Oh bonny lad quoth Jenny so free
What am I better for loving thee
Since thou wilt be gone and cares not for me
with a fa la &c,
Ther's men enough else, and let thee remain
Therefore I wish thee tarry at home
For fear at the last thou come again lame,
with a fa la &c,

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Sweet Jenny cease to trouble me new
 For I will gang to the wars I vow
 I'll leave thee at heame to milk the Cow.
 with a fa la la la le ro.
 He fight for my King as weele as the best
 And draw my sword I swear and protest
 And therefore think not Jenny I feast.
 with a fa la &c.

When I am dressed in armour so bright
 It will be such a seemly sight
 He look very big upon all I meet.
 with a fa la &c.
 I boldly will venture honour to win
 When trumpets and drums do make a great
 Whatever betide me I care not a pin.
 with a fa la &c.

O Jockey my honey, my love and my joy,
 Carry behind and be not so coy,
 Weel huddle and cuddle, weel kiss and toy,
 with a fa la &c.
 I'll feast thee with bannacks and bub of the best
 With puddings and sowings so daintily dressed
 And so we will frolic as well as the rest.
 with a fa la &c.

That grief it will be when thou art gane,
 To me to hear my Jockey were slain
 So that I should never see thee again.
 with a fa la &c.
 He not so cruel to leave me in this lirk
 As thou dost when thou art cryed in the kirk
 I take away beath thy sword and thy dirk
 with a fa la &c.

O Jenny why makes thou all this sad work
 Thou says I love thee all in the sark
 But now I must leave thee in the dark.
 with a fa la &c.
 My finger doth itch to be dealing of blows
 I fain would be cutting and slashing of foes,
 To strip of their Minnen, their Kings and their
 with a fa la &c. (cloaths)

O Jockey thou makes my heart for to bleed
 Yet thinks thou art so doing indeed
 Thy deadly wounds my sorrows will breed
 with a fa la &c.
 Once more I pithre intreated be
 To tarry at heame with helpless me
 Least in thy absence I should des.
 with a fa la &c.

O Jenny I hear the Trumpet sound,
 Now I must march with honour crown'd
 Keep for my sake this ring so round.
 with a fa la &c.
 If fortune favour that I come back
 I'll bring my Jenny what she doth lack
 Of Gables and Ribbands a pedlers pack,
 with a fa la &c.

Then Jockey kiss his Jenny that tide
 And Jenny the sight and sob'd and cryd.
 To see him gang she could not abide.
 with a fa la la la le ro.
 But now he is gone to the wars so fell
 When he'll come back I cannot tell
 I hope ere long if all prove well,